Gallathea.

As it was playde before the Queenes Maieſtie at Greene-wiche, on Newyeeres day at Night.

(..)

By the Chyldren of Paules.

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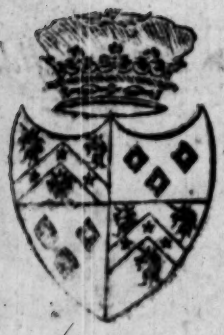

¶ The Prologue.

IOS and Smyrna were two ſweete Cytties, the firſt named of the Violet, the latter of the Myrrh: Homer was borne in the one, and buried in the other; Your Maieſties iudgement and fauour, are our Sunne and shadowe, the one comming of your deepe wiſedome, the other of your wonted grace. VVee in all humilitie deſire, that by the former, receiuing our firſt breath, we may in the latter, take our laſt reſt.

Auguſtus Cæſar had ſuch pearcing eyes, that who ſo looked on him, was conſtrained to wincke. Your highneſſe hath ſo perfit a iudgement, that what ſoeuer we offer, we are enforced to blush; yet as the Athenians were moſt curious, that the Lawne wherewith Minerua was couered, should be without ſpotte or wrin-

kle, so haue we endeuoured with all care, that what wee present your Highnesse, shoulde neyther offend in Scæne nor sillable, knowing that as in the ground where Gold groweth, nothing will prosper but Golde, so in your Maiestes minde, where nothing doth harbor but vertue, nothing can enter but vertue.

GAL-

GALLATHEA.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Tyterus. *Gallathea.*

Tyterus. HE Sunne dooth beate vppon the playne fieldes, wherefore let vs ſit downe Gallathea, vnder this faire Oake, by whoſe broade leaues, beeing defended from the warme beames, we may enioy the freſh ayre, which ſoftly breathes from Humber floodes.

Galla. Father, you haue deuiſed well, and whilſt our flocke doth roame vp and downe thys pleaſant greene, you ſhall recount to mee, if it pleaſe you, for what cauſe thys Tree was dedicated vnto Neptune, and why you haue thus diſguiſed me.

Tyterus I doe agree thereto, and when thy ſtate and my care be conſidered, thou ſhalt knowe thys queſtion was not asked in vaine.

Gallathea I willingly attend.

Tyterus In tymes paſt, where thou ſeeſt a heape of ſmall pyble, ſtoode a ſtately Temple of white Marble, which was dedicated to the God of the Sea, (and in right beeing ſo neere the Sea) hether came all ſuch as

eyther ventured by long trauell to see Countries, or by great traffique to vse merchandise, offering Sacrifice by fire, to gette safety by water; yeelding thanks for perils past, & making prayers for good successe to come; but Fortune, constant in nothing but inconstancie, did change her copie, as the people their custome, for the Land being oppressed by Danes, who in steed of sacrifice, committed sacrilidge, in steede of religion, rebellion, and made a pray of that in which they should haue made theyr prayers, tearing downe the Temple euen with the earth, being almost equall with the skyes, enraged so the God who bindes the windes in the hollowes of the earth, that he caused the Seas to breake their bounds, sith men had broke their vowes, and to swell as farre aboue theyr reach, as men had swarued beyond theyr reason: then might you see shippes sayle where sheepe fedde, ankers cast where ploughes goe, fishermen throw theyr nets, where husbandmen sowe theyr Corne, and fishes throw their scales where fowles doe breede theyr quils: then might you gather froth where nowe is dewe, rotten weedes for sweete roses, & take viewe of monstrous Maremaides, in steed of passing faire Maydes.

Galla. To heare these sweete maruailes, I would mine eyes were turned also into eares.

Tyte. But at the last, our Country-men repenting, and not too late, because at last, Neptune either wearie of his wroth, or warie to doe them wrong, vpon condition consented to ease theyr miseries.

Galla. What condition will not miserable men accept?

Tyte. The condition was this, that at euery fiue yeeres day, the faireſt and chaſteſt virgine in all the Countrey, ſhould be brought vnto this Tree, & heere beeing bound, (whom neither parentage ſhall excuſe for

for honour, nor vertue for entegrity) is left for a peace offering vnto Neptune.

Galla. Deere is the peace that is bought with guiltleſſe blood.

Tyte. I am not able to ſay that, but hee ſendeth a Monſter called the *Agar*, againſt whoſe comming the waters rore, the fowles flie away, and the Cattell in the field for terror, ſhunne the bankes.

Galla. And ſhe bound to endure that horror?

Tyte. And ſhe bound to endure that horror.

Galla. Doth thys Monſter deuoure her?

Tyte. Whether ſhe be deuoured of him, or conueied to Neptune, or drowned between both, it is not permitted to knowe, and encurreth danger to coniecture; Now Gallathea heere endeth my tale, & beginneth thy tragedie.

Galla. Alas father, and why ſo?

Tyte. I would thou hadſt beene leſſe faire, or more fortunate, then ſhouldeſt thou not repine that I haue diſguiſed thee in this attyre, for thy beautie will make thee to be thought worthy of this God; to auoide therfore deſteny (for wiſedome ruleth the ſtars) I thinke it better to vſe an vnlawfull meanes (your honour preſerued) then intollerable greefe, both life and honor hazarded, and to preuent (if it be poſſible) thy conſtellation by my craft. Now haſt thou heard the cuſtome of this Countrey, the cauſe why thys Tree was dedicated vnto Neptune, and the vexing care of thy fearefull Father.

Galla. Father, I haue beene attentiue to heare, and by your patience am ready to aunſwer. Deſtenie may be deferred, not preuented: and therefore it were better to offer my ſelfe in tryumph, then to be drawne to it with diſhonour. Hath nature (as you ſay) made mee ſo faire aboue all, and ſhall not vertue make mee as fa-

mous as others? Doe you not knowe, (or dooth ouercarefulnes make you forget) that an honorable death is to be preferred before an infamous life. I am but a child, and haue not liued long, and yet not so childish, as I desire to liue euer: vertues I meane to carry to my graue, not gray haires. I woulde I were as sure that destiny would light on me, as I am resolued it could not feare me. Nature hath giuē me beauty, Vertue courage, Nature must yeeld mee death, Vertue honor. Suffer mee therefore to die, for which I was borne, or let me curse that I was borne, sith I may not die for it.

Tyte. Alas Gallathea, to consider the causes of change, thou art too young, and that I should find them out for thee, too too fortunate.

Galla. The destenie to me cannot be so hard as the disguising hatefull.

Tyte. To gaine loue, the Gods haue taken shapes of beastes, and to saue life art thou coy to take the attire of men?

Galla. They were beastly gods, that lust could make them seeme as beastes.

Tyte. In health it is easie to counsell the sicke, but it's hard for the sicke to followe wholesome counsaile. Well let vs depart, the day is farre spent. *Exeunt.*

Actus primus. Scæna secunda.

Cupid, Nimph of Diana.

Cupid. Faire Nimphe, are you strayed from your companie by chaunce, or loue you to wander solitarily on purpose?

Nimph. Faire boy, or god, or what euer you bee, I would you knew these woods are to me so wel known, that I cannot stray though I would, and my minde so free, that to be melancholy I haue no cause. There is none of Dianaes trayne that any can traine, either out

of

of their waie, or out of their wits.

Cupid What is that Diana a goddeſſe? what her Nimphes virgins? what her paſtimes hunting?

Nimph A goddeſſe? who knowes it not? Virgins? who thinkes it not? Hunting? who loues it not?

Cupid I pray thee ſweete wench, amongſt all your ſweete troope, is there not one that followeth the ſweeteſt thing. Sweete loue?

Nimph Loue good ſir, what meane you by it? or what doe you call it?

Cupid A heate full of coldneſſe, a ſweet full of bitterneſſe, a paine ful of pleaſantneſſe, which maketh thoughts haue eyes, and harts eares, bred by deſire, nurſed by delight, weaned by ielouſie, kild by diſſembling, buried by ingratitude, and this is loue, fayre Lady wil you any?

Nimph If it be nothing els, it is but a fooliſh thing.

Cupid Try, and you ſhall find it a prettie thing.

Nimph I haue neither will nor leyſure, but I will followe Diana in the Chace, whoſe virgins are all chaſt, delighting in the bowe that wounds the ſwift Hart in the Forreſt, not fearing the bowe that ſtrikes the ſofte hart in the Chamber. This difference is betweene my Miſtris Diana, and your Mother (as I geſſe) Venus, that all her Nimphes are amiable and wiſe in theyr kinde, the other amorous and too kinde for their ſexe; and ſo farewell little god. *Exit.*

Cupid Diana, and thou, and all thine, ſhall knowe that Cupid is a great god, I will practiſe a while in theſe woodes, and play ſuch pranckes with theſe Nimphes, that while they ayme to hit others with their Arrowes, they ſhall be wounded themſelues with their owne eyes. *Exit.*

Actus primus. Scæna tertia.

Melebeus. Phillida.

Meleb. Come Phillida, faire Phillida, and I feare me too faire being my Phillida, thou knoweſt the cuſtome of this Countrey, & I the greatnes of thy beautie, we both the fierceneſſe of the monſter *Agar*. Euerie one thinketh his owne childe faire, but I know that which I moſt deſire, and would leaſt haue, that thou art faireſt. Thou ſhalt therefore diſguiſe thy ſelfe in attire, leaſt I ſhould diſguiſe my ſelfe in affection, in ſuffering thee to perriſh by a fond deſire, whom I may preſerue by a ſure deceipt.

Phil. Deere father, Nature could not make mee ſo faire as ſhe hath made you kinde, nor you more kinde then me dutifull. What ſoeuer you commaunde I will not refuſe, becauſe you commaund nothing but my ſafetie, and your happineſſe. But howe ſhall I be diſguiſed?

Mele. In mans apparell.

Phil. It wil neither become my bodie, nor my minde.

Mele. Why Phillida?

Philli. For then I muſt keepe companie with boyes, and commit follies vnſeemelie for my ſexe, or keepe company with girles, and be thought more wanton then becommeth me. Beſides, I ſhall be aſhamed of my long hoſe and ſhort coate, and ſo vnwarelie blabbe out ſomething by bluſhing at euery thing.

Mele. Feare not Phillida, vſe will make it eaſie, feare muſt make it neceſſarie.

Philli. I agree, ſince my father will haue it ſo, and fortune muſt.

Mele. Come let vs in, and when thou art diſguiſed, roame about theſe woods till the time be paſt, and Neptune pleaſed. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus primus. Scæna quarta.

Mariner, Raffe, Robin, and Dicke.

Rob. Now Mariner, what calleſt thou this ſport on the Sea?

Mar. It is called a wracke.

Raffe. I take no pleaſure in it. Of all deathes I wold not be drownd, ones clothes will be ſo wet when hee is taken vp.

Dicke What calſt thou the thing wee were bounde to?

Mar. A raughter.

Raffe. I wyll rather hang my ſelfe on a raughter in the houſe, then be ſo haled in the Sea, there one may haue a leape for his lyfe; but I maruaile howe our Maſter ſpeedes.

Dicke Ile warrant by this time he is wetſhod. Dyd you euer ſee water buble as the Sea did? But what ſhall we doe?

Mar. You are now in Lyncolnſhire, where you can want no foule, if you can deuiſe meanes to catch them, there be woods hard by, and at euery myles ende houſes: ſo that if you ſeeke on the Lande, you ſhall ſpeede better then on the Sea.

Rob. Sea, nay I will neuer ſaile more, I brooke not their diet: their bread is ſo hard, that one muſt carrie a whetſtone in his mouth to grinde his teeth: the meate ſo ſalt, that one woulde thinke after dinner his tongue had beene powdred ten daies.

Raffe O thou haſt a ſweet life Mariner to be pinde in a few boordes, and to be within an inche of a thing bottomleſſe. I pray thee howe often haſt thou beene drowned?

Mar. Foole thou ſeeſt I am yet aliue.

Rob. Why be they deade that be drownd, I had

thought they had beene with the fish, and so by chance beene caught vp with them in a Nette againe. It were a shame a little cold water should kill a man of reason, when you shall see a poore Mynow lie in it, that hath no vnderstanding.

Mar. Thou art wise from the crowne of thy heade vpwards; seeke you new fortunes nowe, I will followe mine olde. I can shift the Moone and the Sunne, and know by one Carde, what all you cannot do by a whole payre. The Lode-stone that alwaies holdeth his nose to the North, the two and thirty poynts for the winde, the wonders I see woulde make all you blinde: you be but boyes, I feare the Sea no more then a dish of water. Why fooles it is but a liquid element, farewell.

Rob. It were good wee learned his cunning at the Cardes, for we must liue by cosenage, we haue neyther Lands nor wit, nor Maisters, nor honestie.

Rafe Nay I would faine haue his thirty two, that is, his three dozen lacking foure points, for you see betwixt vs three there is not two good points,

Dicke Let vs call him a little backe that wee may learne those points. Sirra a word, I pray thee shewe vs thy points.

Mar. Will you learne?

Dicke. I.

Mar. Then as you like this I will instruct you in all our secretes: for there is not a clowte nor carde, nor boord, nor post, that hath not a speciall name, or singuler nature.

Dicke Well begin with your points, for I lacke onlie points in this world.

Mar. North. North & by East. North North East. North-east and by North, North-east. North-east and by East. East North-east, East and by North. East.

Dicke Ile say it, North, north-east, North-east, Nore

nore

nore and by Nore-east. I shall neuer doe it.

Mar. Thys is but one quarter.

Rob. I shall neuer learne a quarter of it. I will try. North, North-east, is by the West side, North and by North.

Dicke Passing ill.

Mar. Hast thou no memorie. Try thou.

Rafe North North and by North. I can goe no further.

Mar. O dullerde, is thy head lighter then the wind, and thy tongue so heauie it will not wagge. I will once againe say it.

Rafe I will neuer learne this language, it wil get but small liuing, when it will scarce be learned till one bee olde.

Mar. Nay then farewell, and if your fortunes exceede not your wits, you shall starue before ye sleepe.

Rafe Was there euer such cosening? Come let vs to the woods, and see what fortune we may haue before they be made shippes: as for our Maister hee is drownd.

Dicke I will this way.

Robin I this.

Rafe I this, & this day twelue-month let vs all meete heere againe: it may be we shall eyther beg together, or hang together.

Dicke It skils not so we be together. But let vs sing now, though we cry heereafter. *Exeunt.*

Actus secundus Scæna prima.

Gallathea alone.

Galla. BLush Gallathea that must frame thy affection fitte for thy habite, and therefore be thought immodest, because thou art vnfortunate. Thy

tender yeeres cannot dissemble this deceipt, nor thy sexe beare it. O woulde the gods had made mee as I seeme to be, or that I might safelie be what I seeme not. Thy Father doteth Gallathea, whose blind loue corrupteth his fonde iudgement, and iealous of thy death, seemeth to dote on thy beauty, whose fonde care carrieth his parciall eye as farre from trueth, as his hart is frō falshood. But why doost thou blame him, or blab what thou art, when thou shouldest onelie counterfet what thou art not. But whist, heere commeth a ladde: I will learne of him how to behaue my selfe.

Enter Phillida in mans attire.

Philli. I neither like my gate, nor my garments, the one vntoward, the other vnfit, both vnseemely. O Phillida, but yonder staieth one, and therefore say nothing. But ô Phillida.

Galla. I perceiue that boyes are in as great disliking of themselues as maides, therefore though I weare the apparell, I am glad I am not the person.

Philli. It is a pretty boy and a faire, hee might well haue beene a woman, but because he is not, I am glad I am, for nowe vnder the color of my coate, I shall decipher the follies of their kind.

Galla. I would salute him, but I feare I should make a curtsie in steed of a legge.

Philli. If I durst trust my face as well as I doe my habite, I would spend some time to make pastime, for saie what they will of a mans wit, it is no seconde thing to be a woman.

Galla. All the blood in my bodie would be in my face, if he should aske me (as the question among men is common) are you a maide?

Phil. Why stande I still, boyes shoulde be bolde, but heere commeth a braue traine that will spill all our talke.

Enter

Enter Diana, Telusa, and Eurota.

Diana God speede faire boy.

Galla. You are deceiued Ladie.

Diana Why, are you no boy?

Galla. No faire boy.

Diana But I see an vnhappie boy.

Telusa. Saw you not the Deare come this waie, hee flewe downe the winde, & I beleeue you haue blancht him.

Galla. Whose Deare was it Ladie?

Telusa. Dianaes Deare.

Galla. I saw none but mine owne Deare.

Telusa This wagge is wanton or a foole, aske the other, Diana.

Galla. I knowe not howe it commeth to passe, but yonder boy is in mine eye too beautifull, I pray gods the Ladies thinke him not their Deare.

Diana Prettie lad, doe your sheepe feede in the Forrest, or are you straied from you flocke, or on purpose come ye to marre Dianaes pastime?

Phillida I vnderstand not one word you speake.

Diana VVhat art thou neither Ladde nor sheepehearde?

Phill. My mother said I could be no ladde til I was twentie yeere olde, nor keepe sheepe till I coulde tell them; and therefore Ladie neither lad nor sheephearde is heere.

Telusa These boyes are both agreed, either they are verie pleasant or too peruerse: you were best Ladie make them tuske these VVoodes, whilst wee stande with our bowes, and so vse them as Beagles since they haue so good mouthes.

Diana I wil. Follow me without delaie, or excuse, & if you can doe nothing, yet shall you hallow the Deare.

Phill. I am willing to goe, not for theſe Ladies cõpanie, becauſe my ſelfe am a virgine, but for that fayre boyes fauor, who I thinke be a God.

Diana You ſir boy ſhall alſo goe.

Galla. I muſt if you commaunde, and would if you had not. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundus. Scæna ſecunda.

Cupid alone in Nimphes apparell, and Neptune lyſtening.

Cupid Nowe Cupid, vnder the ſhape of a ſillie girle ſhewe the power of a mightie God. Let Diana and all her coy Nimphes know, that there is no hart ſo chaſte but thy bowe can wounde, nor eyes ſo modeſt, but thy brandes can kindle, nor thoughts ſo ſtaied, but thy ſhafts can make wauering, weake and wanton: Cupid though he be a child, is no babie. I will make their paines my paſtimes, & ſo confound their loues in their owne ſexe, that they ſhall dote in their deſires, delight in their affections, and practiſe onely impoſsibilities. Whilſt I trewant from my mother, I will vſe ſome tyranny in theſe woodes, and ſo ſhall their exerciſe in fooliſh loue, be my excuſe for running away. I wil ſee whither faire faces be alwaies chaſt, or Dianaes virgins onelie modeſt, els will I ſpende both my ſhafts and ſhyfts, and then Ladies if you ſee theſe daintie Dames intrapt in loue, ſaie ſoftlie to your ſelues, wee may all loue. *Exit.*

Neptune Doe fillie Sheepeheards goe about to deceiue great Neptune, in putting on mans attire vppon women: and Cupid to make ſport deceiue them all, by vſing a vvomans apparell vpon a God, then Neptune that haſt taken ſundrie ſhapes to obtaine loue, ſtick not to practiſe ſome deceipt to ſhew thy deitie, and hauing oftẽ thruſt thy ſelf into the ſhape of beaſtes to deceiue men,

men, be not coy to vſe the ſhape of a Sheepehearde, to ſhew thy ſelfe a God. Neptune cannot be ouer-reached by Swaines, himſelfe is ſubtile, and if Diana be ouer-taken by craft, Cupid is wiſe. I will into theſe woodes and marke all, and in the end will marre all. *Exit.*

Actus ſecundus. Scæna tertia.

Enter Raffe alone.

Rafe Call you this ſeeking of fortunes when one can finde nothing but byrds neſtes? would I were out of theſe VVoodes, for I ſhall haue but wodden lucke, heers nothing but the skreeking of Owles, croking of Frogs, hiſsing of Adders, barking of Foxes, walking of Hagges. But what be theſe?

Enter Fayries dauncing and playing and ſo, Exeunt.

I will follow them, to hell I ſhall not goe, for ſo faire faces neuer can haue ſuch hard fortunes. What blacke boy is this.

Enter the Alcumiſts boy Peter.

Peter What a life doe I leade with my Maiſter, nothing but blowing of bellows, beating of ſpirits, & ſcraping of Croſſets? it is a very ſecrete Science, for none almoſt can vnderſtand the language of it. Sublimation, Almigation, Calcination, Rubification, Encorporation, Circination, Sementation, Albification, and Frementation. With as many termes vnpoſſible to be vttered, as the Arte to be compaſſed.

Raffe Let me croſſe my ſelfe, I neuer heard ſo many great deuils in a little Monkies mouth.

Peter Then our inſtruments, Croſſets, Subliuatories, Cucurbits, Limbecks, Decenſores, Violes, manuall and murall, for enbibing and conbibing, Bellowes, molificatiue and enduratiue.

Rafe What language is this? doe they ſpeake ſo?

Peter Then our Mettles, Saltpeeter, Vitrioll, Sal tartar, Sal perperat, Argoll, Resagar, Sal Armonick, Egrimony, Lumany, Brimstone, Valerian, Tartar Alam, Breeme-worte, Glasse, Vnsleked lyme, Chalke, Ashes, hayre, and what not, to make I know not what.

Rafe My haire beginneth to stande vpright, would the boy would make an end.

Peter And yet such a beggerly Science it is, and so strong on multiplication, that the ende is to haue neyther gold, wit, nor honestie.

Rafe Then am I iust of thy occupation. What fellow, well met.

Peter Felow, vpon what acquaintance?

Rafe Why thou saist, the end of thy occupation is to haue neither wit, money, nor honestie: & me thinks at a blush, thou shouldest be one of my occupation.

Peter Thou art deceiued, my Maister is an Alcumist.

Rafe Whats that, a man?

Peter A little more then a man, and a hayres bredth lesse then a God. He can make of thy cap gold, and by multiplication of one grote, three old Angels. I haue knowne him of the tagge of a poynt, to make a siluer boole of a pint.

Rafe That makes thee haue neuer a point, they be al turned to pots: but if he can doe thys, he shall be a god altogether.

Peter Yf thou haue any gold to worke on, thou art then made for euer: for with one pound of golde, hee will goe neere to paue tenne Akers of ground.

Rafe Howe might a man serue him and learne hys cunning?

Peter Easilie. First seeme to vnderstand the termes, and speciallie marke these points. In our Arte there are foure Spirits.

Rafe

Rafe Nay I haue doone if you worke with deuils.

Peter Thou art groſſe; we call thoſe Spirits that are the grounds of our Arte, & as it were the mettles more incorporatiue for domination. The firſt Spirit is Quick-ſiluer.

Rafe That is my Spirit, for my ſiluer is ſo quicke, that I haue much a doe to catch it, and when I haue it, it is ſo nimble that I cannot holde it; I thought there was a deuill in it.

Peter The ſecond, Orpyment.

Rafe Thats no Spirit, but a worde to coniure a Spirit.

Peter The third, Sal Armoniack.

Rafe A propper word.

Peter The fourth, Brimſtone.

Rafe Thats a ſtincking Spirit, I thought there was ſome ſpirit in it becauſe it burnt ſo blew. For my Mother would often tell mee that when the candle burnt blew, there was ſome ill Spirit in the houſe, and now I perceiue it was the ſpirit Brimſtone.

Peter Thou caſt remember theſe foure ſpirits.

Rafe Let me alone to coniure them.

Peter Now are there alſo ſeauen bodies, but heere commeth my Maiſter.

Enter Alcumiſt.

Rafe This is a begger.

Peter No, ſuch cunning men muſt diſguiſe themſelues, as though there were nothing in them, for otherwiſe they ſhall be compelled to worke for Princes, and ſo be conſtrained to bewray their ſecrets.

Rafe I like not his attire, but am enamored of hys Arte.

Alcumiſt An ounce of Siluer limde, as much of crude Mercury, of Spirits foure, beeing tempered with the bodies ſeauen, by multiplying of it ten times, comes

for one pound, eyght thousand pounds, so that I may haue onely Beechen coales.

Rafe Is it possible?

Peter It is more certaine then certainty.

Rafe Ile tell thee one secrete, I stole a siluer thimble, dost thou thinke that he will make it a pottle pot?

Peter A pottle pot, nay I dare warrant it a whole Cupbord of plate: why of the quintessence of a leaden plummet, he hath framed xx. dozen of siluer Spoones. Looke howe hee studies, I durst venture my life hee is nowe casting about, howe of his breath hee may make golden braselets, for often-times of smoke hee hath made siluer drops.

Rafe What doe I heare?

Peter Dydst thou neuer heare howe Iupiter came in a golden shower to Danae?

Rafe I remember that tale.

Pet. That shower did my Master make of a spoonefull of Tartar-alom, but with the fire of blood, & the corasiue of the ayre, he is able to make nothing infinit, but whilst he espieth vs.

Alcum. What Peter doe you loyter, knowing that euerie minute increaseth our Mine?

Peter I was glad to take ayre, for the mettle came so fast, that I feared my face would haue beene turned to siluer.

Alcum. But what stripling is this?

Peter One that is desirous to learne your craft.

Alcum. Craft sir boy, you must call it misterie.

Rafe All is one, a craftie misterie, and a mysticall craft.

Alcum. Canst thou take paynes?

Rafe Infinite.

Alcum. But thou must be sworne to be secret, and then I wyll entertaine thee.

Rafe

Rafe I can ſweare though I be a poore fellow as wel as the beſt man in the Shyre. But Sir I much maruaile that you beeing ſo cunning, ſhould be ſo ragged.

Alcu. O my childe, Gryphes make theyr neſtes of gold though their coates are fethers, and we fether our neſtes with Diamonds, though our garments be but frize. Yf thou knewelt the ſecret of this Science, the cunning woulde make thee ſo proude that thou wouldeſt diſdaine the outward pompe.

Peter My Maiſter is ſo rauiſht with his Arte, that we manie times goe ſupperleſſe to bed, for he wil make gold of his breade, and ſuch is the drouth of his deſire, that we all wiſh our very guts were gold.

Rafe I haue good fortune to light vpon ſuch a Maiſter.

Alcum. When in the depth of my skill I determine to try the vttermoſt of mine Arte, I am diſſwaded by the gods, otherwiſe, I durſt vndertake to make the fire as it flames, gold, the winde as it blowes, ſiluer, the water as it runnes, lead, the earth as it ſtandes, yron, the skye, braſſe, and mens thoughts, fitme mettles.

Rafe I muſt bleſſe my ſelfe, and maruell at you.

Alcum. Come in, and thou ſhalt ſee all. *Exit.*

Rafe I followe, I runne, I flye, they ſay my Father hath a golden thumbe, you ſhall ſee me haue a golden bodie. *Exit.*

Peter I am glad of this, for now I ſhall haue leyſure to runne away; ſuch a bald Arte as neuer was, let him keepe his newe man, for he ſhall neuer ſee his olde againe; God ſhelde me from blowing gold to nothing, with a ſtrong imagination to make nothing any thing. *Exit.*

Actus secundus. Scæna quarta.

Gallathea alone.

Galla. How now Gallathea? miserable Gallathea, that hauing put on the apparell of a boy, thou canst also put on the minde. O faire Melebeus, I too faire, and therefore I feare, too proude. Had it not beene better for thee to haue beene a sacrifice to Neptune, then a slaue to Cupid? to die for thy Countrey, then to liue in thy fancie? to be a sacrifice, then a Louer? O woulde when I hunted his eye with my harte, hee might haue seene my hart with his eyes. Why did Nature to him a boy giue a face so faire, or to me a virgine a fortune so hard? I will now vse for the distaffe the bowe, and play at quaites abroade, that was wont to sowe in my Sampler at home. It may be Gallathea, foolish Gallathea, what may be? nothing. Let mee followe him into the Woods, and thou sweete Venus be my guide. *Exit.*

Actus secundus. Scæna quinta.

Enter Phillida alone.

Phill. Poore Phillida, curse the time of thy birth and rarenes of thy beautie, the vnaptnes of thy apparel, and the vntamednes of thy affections. Art thou no sooner in the habite of a boy, but thou must be enamored of a boy, what shalt thou doe when what best lyketh thee, most discontenteth thee? Goe into the Woods, watch the good times, his best moodes, and transgresse in loue a little of thy modestie, I will, I dare not, thou must, I cannot. Then pine in thine owne peruishnes. I will not, I wil. Ah Phillida doe something, nay anie thing rather then liue thus. Well, what I will doe, my selfe knowes not, but what I ought I knowe too well, and so I goe resolute, eyther to bewray my loue, or suffer shame. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Telusa alone.

Telusa HOwe nowe? what newe conceits, what strange contraries breede in thy minde? is thy Diana become a Venus, thy chaste thoughts turnd to wanton lookes, thy conquering modestie to a captiue imagination? Beginnest thou with Piralis to die in the ayre and liue in the fire, to leaue the sweete delight of hunting, and to followe the hote desire of loue? O Telusa, these words are vnfit for thy sexe beeing a virgine, but apt for thy affections being a Louer. And can there in yeeres so young, in education so precise, in vowes so holy, and in a hart so chaste, enter eyther a strong desire, or a wish, or a wauering thought of loue? Can Cupids brands quench Vestas flames, and his feeble shafts headed with feathers, pearce deeper the Dianaes arrowes headed with steele? Breake thy bowe Telusa that seekest to breake thy vowe, and let those hands that aymed to hit the wilde Hart, scratche out those eyes that haue wounded thy tame hart. O vaine and onely naked name of Chastitie, that is made eternall, and perish by time: holy, and is infected by fancy: diuine, and is made mortall by folly. Virgins harts I perceiue are not vnlike Cotton trees, whose fruite is so hard in the budde, that it soundeth like steele, and beeing rype, poureth forth nothing but wooll, and theyr thoughts like the leaues of Lunary, which the further they growe from the Sunne, the sooner they are scorched with his beames. O Melebeus, because thou art fayre, must I be fickle, and false my vowe because I see thy vertue? Fonde gyrle that I am to thinke of loue, nay vaine profession that I follow to disdaine loue, but heere commeth Eurota, I must nowe put on a redde

maske and bluſhe, leaſt ſhe perceiue my pale face and ſaugh.

Enter Eurota.

Eurota Teluſa, Diana bid me hunt you out, & ſaith that you care not to hunt with her, but if you followe any other Game then ſhe hath rowſd, your puniſhment ſhall be to bend all our bowes, and weaue al our ſtrings. Why looke ye ſo pale, ſo ſad, ſo wildly.

Teluſa Eurota, the Game I follow is the thing I flye: my ſtrange diſeaſe my chiefe deſire.

Eurota I am no Oedipus to expound riddles, and I muſe how thou canſt be Sphinx to vtter them. But I pray thee Teluſa tell mee what thou ayleſt, if thou be ſicke, this ground hath leaues to heale: if melancholie, heere are paſtimes to vſe: if peeuiſh, wit muſt weane it, or time, or counſell. Yf thou be in loue (for I haue heard of ſuch a beaſt called loue) it ſhall be cured, why bluſheſt thou Teluſa?

Teluſa To heare thee in reckoning my paines to recite thine owne. I ſawe Eurota howe amorouſlie you glaunced your eye on the faire boy in the white coate, and howe cunninglie (now that you would haue ſome talke of loue) you hit me in the teeth with loue.

Eurota I confeſſe that I am in loue, and yet ſweare that I know not what it is. I feele my thoughts vnknit, mine eyes vnſtaied, my hart I know not how affected, or infected, my ſleepes broken and full of dreames, my wakeneſſe ſad and full of ſighes, my ſelfe in all thinges vnlike my ſelfe. If this be loue, I woulde it had neuer beene deuiſed.

Teluſa Thou haſt told what I am in vttering what thy ſelfe is: theſe are my paſsions Eurota, my vnbridled paſsions, my intollerable paſsions, which I were as good acknowledge and craue counſell, as to denie and endure perill.

Eurota

Eurota How did it take you first Telusa?

Telusa By the eyes, my wanton eyes which conceiued the picture of his face, and hangd it on the verie strings of my hart. O faire Melebeus, ô fonde Telusa, but how did it take you Eurota?

Eurota By the eares, whose sweete words suncke so deepe into my head, that the remembrance of his wit, hath bereaued mee of my wisedome; ô eloquent Tyterus, ô credulous Eurota. But soft heere commeth Ramia, but let her not heare vs talke, wee will withdrawe our selues, and heare her talke.

Enter Ramia.

Ramia I am sent to seeke others that haue lost my selfe.

Eurota You shall see Ramia hath also bitten on a loue leafe.

Ramia Can there be no hart so chast, but loue can wound? nor vowes so holie but affection can violate. Vaine art thou vertue, & thou chastity but a by word, when you both are subiect to loue, of all thinges the most abiect. If Loue be a God, why should not louers be vertuous? Loue is a God, and Louers are vertuous.

Eurota Indeede Ramia, if Louers were not vertuous, then wert thou vicious.

Ramia What are you come so neere me?

Telusa I thinke we came neere you when wee saide you loued.

Eurota Tush Ramia, tis too late to recall it, to repent it a shame: therfore I pray thee tell what is loue?

Ramia If my selfe felt onelie this infection, I would then take vpon me the definition, but beeing incident to so manie, I dare not my selfe describe it, but we will all talke of that in the Woodes. Diana stormeth that sending one to seeke another, shee looseth all. Seruia of all the Nimphes the coyest, loueth deadly, and ex-

claimeth againſt Diana, honoureth Venus, deteſteth Veſta, and maketh a common ſcorne of vertue. Clymene, whoſe ſtatelie lookes ſeemed to amaze the greateſt Lordes, ſtoopeth, yeeldeth, and fauneth on the ſtrange boy in the Woods. My ſelfe (with bluſhing I ſpeak it) am thrall to that boy, that faire boy, that beautifull boy.

Telusa What haue wee heere, all in loue? no other foode then fancie; no no, ſhe ſhall not haue the fayre boy.

Eurota Nor you Telusa.

Ramia Nor you Eurota.

Telusa I loue Melebeus, and my deſerts ſhalbe aunſwerable to my deſires. I will forſake Diana for him. I will die for him.

Ramia So ſaith Clymene, and ſhee will haue him. I care not, my ſweete Tyterus though he ſeeme proude, I impute it to childiſhnes: who beeing yet ſcarce out of his ſwath-clowtes, cannot vnderſtande theſe deepe conceits; I loue him.

Eurota So doe I, and I will haue him.

Telusa Immodeſt all that wee are, vnfortunate all that we are like to be; ſhall virgins beginne to wrangle for loue, and become wanton in their thoughts, in their words, in their actions. O deuine Loue, which art therfore called deuine, becauſe thou ouer-reacheſt the wiſeſt, conquereſt the chaſteſt, and dooſt all things both vnlikely and impoſsible, becauſe thou art Loue. Thou makeſt the baſhfull impudent, the wiſe fond, the chaſt wanton, and workeſt contraries to our reach, becauſe thy ſelfe is beyond reaſon.

Eurota Talke no more Telusa, your words wound. Ah would I were no woman.

Ramia Would Tyterus were no boy.

Telusa Would Telusa were no body. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus tertius. Scæna secunda.

Phillida and Gallathea.

Phil. It is pitty that Nature framed you not a woman, hauing a face so faire, so louely a countenaunce, so modest a behauiour.

Galla. There is a Tree in Tylos, whose nuttes haue shels like fire, and beeing cracked, the karnell is but water.

Phil. What a toy is it to tell mee of that tree, beeing nothing to the purpose: I say it is pitty you are not a woman.

Galla. I would not wish to be a woman, vnlesse it were becauſe thou art a man.

Phil. Nay I doe not wish to be a woman, for then I should not loue thee, for I haue sworne neuer to loue a woman.

Galla. A strange humor in so prettie a youth, and according to myne, for my selfe will neuer loue a woman.

Phillis. It were a shame if a mayden should be a suter, (a thing hated in that sexe) that thou shouldest denie to be her seruant.

Galla. If it be a shame in me, it can be no commendation in you, for your selfe is of that minde.

Phillis. Suppose I were a virgine (I blush in supposing my selfe one) and that vnder the habite of a boy were the person of a mayde, if I should vtter my affection with sighes, manifest my sweete loue by my salte teares, and proue my loyaltie vnspotted, and my griefes intollerable, would not then that faire face, pittie thys true hart?

Galla. Admit that I were, as you woulde haue mee suppose that you are, and that I should with intreaties, prayers, othes, bribes, and what euer can be inuented in loue,

loue, desire your fauour, would you not yeeld?

Philli. Tush you come in with admit.

Galla. And you with suppose.

Philli. What doubtfull speeches be these? I feare me he is as I am, a mayden.

Galla. What dread riseth in my minde, I feare the boy to be as I am a mayden.

Philli. Tush it cannot be, his voice shewes the contrarie.

Galla. Yet I doe not thinke it; for he woulde then haue blushed.

Phill. Haue you euer a Sister?

Galla. If I had but one, my brother must needs haue two, but I pray haue you euer a one?

Philli. My Father had but one daughter, and therefore I could haue no sister.

Galla. Aye me, he is as I am, for his speeches be as mine are.

Philli. What shall I doe, eyther hee is subtill or my sexe simple.

Galla. I haue knowne diuers of Dianaes Nimphes enamored of him, yet hath he reiected all, eyther as too proude to disdaine, or too childish not to vnderstande, or for that he knoweth himselfe to he a Virgin.

Phill. I am in a quandarie, Dianaes Nimphes haue followed him, and he despised them, eyther knowing too well the beautie of his owne face, or that himselfe is of the same moulde. I will once againe try him. You promised me in the woods, that you would loue me before all Dianaes Nimphes.

Galla. I, so you would loue mee before all Dianaes Nimphes.

Philli. Can you preferre a fonde boy as I am, before so faire Ladies as they are.

Galla. Why should not I as well as you?

Phillida

Phillida Come let vs into the Groue, and make much one of another, that cannot tel what to think one of another. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.

Alcumist. Rafe.

Alcum. Rafe, my boy is run away, I truſt thou wilt not runne after.

Rafe I would I had a paire of wings that I might flie after.

Alcum. My boy was the verieſt theefe, the aranteſt lyar, and the vildeſt ſwearer in the worlde, otherwiſe the beſt boy in the world, he hath ſtolen my apparell, all my money, and forgot nothing but to bid mee farewell.

Rafe That will not I forget, farewell Maiſter.

Alcum. Why thou haſt not yet ſeene the ende of my Arte.

Rafe I would I had not known the beginning. Did not you promiſe mee, of my ſiluer thimble to make a whole cupboord of plate, and that of a Spaniſh needle you would build a ſiluer ſteeple?

Alcum. I Rafe, the fortune of this Arte conſiſteth in the meaſure of the fire, for if there be a cole too much, or a ſparke too little, if it be a little too hote, or a thought too ſofte, all our labour is in vaine; beſides, they that blowe, muſt beate tyme with theyr breathes, as Muſicions doe with their breaſts, ſo as there muſt be of the mettals, the fire and workers a verie harmonie.

Rafe Nay if you muſt weigh your fire by ounces, & take meaſure of a mans blaſt, you may then make of a dramme of winde a wedge of gold, and of the ſhadowe of one ſhilling make another, ſo as you haue an Organiſt to tune your temperatures.

Alcum. So is it, and often doth it happen, that the

iuſt proportion of the fire and all things concurre.

Rafe Concurre, condogge. I will away.

Alcum. Then away. *Exit* Alcumiſt.

Enter Aſtronomer.

Rafe An arte quoth you, that one multiplieth ſo much all day, that he wanteth money to buy meate at night? But what haue we yonder? what deuoute man? he will neuer ſpeake till he be vrged. I wil ſalute him. Sir, there lieth a purſe vnder your feete, if I thought it were not yours, I would take it vp.

Aſtron. Dooſt thou not knowe that I was calculating the natiuity of Alexanders great horſe?

Rafe Why what are you?

Aſtron. An Aſtronomer.

Rafe What one of thoſe that makes Almanacks.

Aſtro. Ipſiſimus. I can tell the minute of thy byrth, the moment of thy death, and the manner. I can tel thee what wether ſhall be betweene this and *Octogeſimus octauus mirabilis annus.* When I liſt I can ſette a trap for the Sunne, catch the Moone with lyme-twigges, and goe a batfowling for ſtarres. I can tell thee things paſt, and things to come, & with my cunning, meaſure how many yards of Clowdes are beneath the Skye. Nothing can happen which I fore-ſee not, nothing ſhall.

Rafe I hope ſir you are no more then a God.

Aſtron. I can bring the twelue ſignes out of theyr Zodiacks, and hang them vp at Tauerns.

Rafe I pray you ſir tell me what you cannot doe, for I perceiue there is nothing ſo eaſie for you to compaſſe as impoſsibilities. But what be thoſe ſignes?

Aſtro. As a man ſhould ſay, ſignes which gouerne the body. The Ramme gouerneth the head.

Rafe That is the worſt ſigne for the head.

Aſtro. Why?

Rafe

Rafe Becauſe it is a ſigne of an ill Ewe.

Aſtron. Tuſh, that ſigne muſt be there. Then the Bull for the throte, Capricornus for the knees.

Rafe I will heare no more ſignes, if they be all ſuch deſperate ſignes: but ſeeing you are, (I know not who to terme you) ſhall I ſerue you? I would faine ſerue.

Aſtron. I accept thee.

Rafe Happie am I, for now ſhall I reach thoughts, and tell how many drops of water goes to the greateſt ſhowre of rayne. You ſhall ſee me catch the Moone in the clips like a Conny in a purſnet.

Aſtro. I will teach thee the Golden number, the Epact, and the Prime.

Rafe I wil meddle no more with numbring of gold, for multiplication is a miſerable action; I pray ſir what wether ſhall we haue this howre three-ſcore yeere?

Aſtro. That I muſt caſt by our Iudicials Aſtronomicall, therefore come in with me, and thou ſhall ſee euerie wrinkle of my Aſtrologicall wiſedome, and I will make the Heauens as plaine to thee as the high waie, thy cunning ſhall ſitte cheeke by iole with the Sunnes Chariot; then ſhalt thou ſee what a baſe thing it is, to haue others thoughts creepe on the grounde, when as thine ſhall be ſtitched to the ſtarres.

Rafe Then I ſhall be tranſlated from this mortality.

Aſtro. Thy thoughts ſhall be metamorphoſed, and made haile fellowes with the Gods.

Rafe O fortune. I feele my very braines moralized, and as it were a certaine contempt of earthly actions is crept into my minde, by an etheriall contemplation. Come let vs in.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Scæna quarta.

Diana, Telusa, Eurota, Ramia, Larissa.

Diana What newes haue we heere Ladies, are all in loue? are Dianaes Nimphes become Venus wantons? is it a shame to be chast, becausе you be amiable? or must you needes be amorous, becausе you are faire? O Venus, if thys be thy spight, I will requite it wyth more then hate, well shalt thou know what it is to drib thine arrowes vp and downe Dianaes leies. There is an vnknowne Nimph that straggleth vp and downe these woods, which I suspect hath beene the weauer of these woes, I saw her slumbring by the brooke side, go search her & bring her, if you find vpon her shoulder a burne, it is Cupid: if any print on her backe like a leafe, it is Medea: if any picture on her left breast like a birde, it is Calipso; who euer it be, bring her hether, and speedilie bring her hether.

Telusa I will goe with speede.

Diana Goe you Larissa and helpe her.

Larissa I obey.

Diana Nowe Ladies, dooth not that make your cheekes blushe, that makes mine eares glowe? or can you remember that without sobs, which Diana can not thinke on without sighes? What greater dishonour could happen to Diana, or to her Nimphes shame, then that there can be any time so idle, that should make their heads so addle? Your chast harts my Nimphes, should resemble the Onix, which is hotest when it is whitest, and your thoughts, the more they are assaulted with desires, the lesse they should be affected. You should thinke loue like Homers Moly, a white leafe & a blacke roote, a faire shewe, and a bitter taste. Of all Trees the Cedar is greatest, and hath the smallest seedes: of all affections, loue hath the greatest name, & the

the leaſt vertue. Shall it be ſaid, and ſhall Venus ſay it? nay ſhall it be ſeene, and ſhall wantons ſee it? that Diana the goddeſſe of chaſtity, whoſe thoughts are alwaies anſwerable to her vowes, whoſe eyes neuer glanced on deſire, and whoſe hart abateth the poynt of Cupids arrowes, ſhall haue her virgins to become vnchaſt in deſires, immoderate in affection, vntemperate in loue, in foolish loue, in baſe loue. Eagles caſt their euill feathers in the Sunne, but you caſt your beſt deſires vpon a shadowe. The birdes Ibes loſe their ſweetneſſe when they loſe theyr ſights, and virgins all theyr vertues with theyr vnchaſt thoughts, vnchaſt, Diana calleth that, that hath eyther any ſhowe or ſuſpicion of lightneſſe. O my deere Nimphes, if you knewe howe louing thoughts ſtaine louely faces, you woulde bee as careful to haue the one as vnſpotted as the other beautiful.

Caſt before your eyes the loues of Venus truls, their fortunes, theyr fancies, their ends. What are they els but Silenus pictures, without, Lambes & Doues, with in, Apes, and Owles, who like Ixion imbrace clowdes for Iuno, the ſhadowes of vertue in ſteede of the ſubſtance. The Eagles fethers conſume the fethers of all others, and loues deſire corrupteth all other vertues. I bluſh Ladies that you hauing beene heretofore patient of labours, ſhould nowe become prentiſes to idleneſſe, and vſe the penne for Sonets, not the needle for Samplers. And howe is your loue placed, vppon pelting boyes, perhaps baſe of birth, without doubt weake of diſcretion. I but they are fayre. O Ladies doe your eyes begin to loue collours, whoſe harts was wont to loath them? is Dianaes Chaſe become Venus Courte? and are your holy vowes turnd to hollow thoughts?

Ramia Madame, if loue were not a thing beyonde reaſon, we might then giue a reaſon of our doings, but

ſo deuine is his force, that it worketh effects as contrarie to that wee wiſhe, as vnreaſonable againſt that wee ought.

Lariſſa Lady, ſo vnacquainted are the paſsions of loue, that we can neither deſcribe them nor beare them.

Diana Fooliſh gyrles, how willing you are to follow that which you ſhould flie, but heere commeth Teluſa.

Enter Teluſa and other with Cupid.

Teluſa We haue brought the diſguiſed Nimphe, & haue found on his ſhoulder Pſiches burne, and he confeſſeth himſelfe to be Cupid.

Diana Howe now ſir, are you caught, are you Cupid?

Cupid Thou ſhalt ſee Diana that I dare confeſſe my ſelfe to be Cupid.

Diana And thou ſhalt ſee Cupid that I will ſhewe my ſelfe to be Diana, that is, Conquerer of thy looſe & vntamed appetites. Did thy mother Venus vnder the colour of a Nimphe, ſende thee hether to wounde my Nimphes? Doth ſhe adde craft to her malice, and miſtruſting her deitie, practiſe deceite: is there no place but my Groues, no perſons but my Nimphes? Cruell and vnkind Venus, that ſpighteth onely chaſtitie, thou ſhalt ſee that Dianaes power ſhal reuenge thy pollicie, and tame thys pride. As for thee Cupid, I will breake thy bowe, and burne thine arrowes, binde thy handes, clyp thy wings, and fetter thy feete. Thou that fatteſt others with hopes, shalt be fedde thy ſelfe with wiſhes, & thou that bindeſt others with golden thoughts, ſhalt be bound thy ſelfe with golden fetters, Venus rods are made of Roſes, Dianaes of Bryers. Let Venus that great Goddeſſe, raunſome Cupid that little God. Theſe Ladies heere whom thou haſt infected with fooliſh loue, ſhall both tread on thee and triumph ouer thee. Thine

own

owne arrow ſhall be ſhot into thine owne boſome, and thou ſhalt be inamored, not on Pſiches, but on Circes. I will teach thee what it is to diſpleaſe Diana, diſtreſſe her Nimphes, or diſturbe her Game.

Cupid Diana, what I haue doone, cannot be vndone, but what you meane to doe, ſhall. Venus hath ſome Gods to her friends, Cupid ſhall haue all.

Diana Are you prating? I will bridle thy tongue & thy power, and in ſpight of mine owne thoughts, I will ſette thee a taske euery day, which if thou finiſh not, thou ſhalt feele the ſmart. Thou ſhalt be vſed as Dianaes ſlaue, not Venus ſonne. All the worlde ſhall ſee that I will vſe thee like a captiue, and ſhew my ſelfe a Conquerer. Come haue him in, that wee may deuiſe apt puniſhments for his proude preſumptions.

Eurota We will plague yee for a little God.

Teluſa We wyll neuer pittie thee though thou be a God.

Ramia Nor I.

Lariſa Nor I. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus Scæna prima.

Augur, Mellebeus, Tyterus, Populus.

Augur THis is the day wherein you muſt ſatiſ-fie Neptune and ſaue your ſelues, call together your fayre Daughters, and for a Sacrifice take the fayreſt, for better it is to offer a Virgine then ſuffer ruine. If you think it againſt nature to ſacrifice your children, thinke it alſo againſt ſence to deſtroy your Countrey. If you imagine Neptune pittileſſe to deſire ſuch a pray, confeſſe your ſelues peruerſe to deſerue ſuch a puniſhment. You ſee this tree, this fatall Tree, whoſe leaues though they gliſter like golde, yet it threatneth to fayre virgins griefe. To this Tree muſt the beautifulleſt

fulleſt be bounde vntill the Monſter *Agar* carry her awaie, and if the Monſter come not, then aſſure your ſelues that the faireſt is concealed, and then your countrey ſhall be deſtroyed, therefore conſult with your ſelues, not as fathers of children, but as fauourers of your Countrey. Let Neptune haue his right if you will haue your quiet; thus haue I warned you to be carefull, and would wiſh you to be wiſe, knowing that who ſo hath the faireſt daughter, hath the greateſt fortune, in looſing one to ſaue all, and ſo I depart to prouide ceremonies for the Sacrifice, and commaund you to bring the Sacrifice. *Exit Augur.*

Mel. They ſay Tyterus that you haue a faire daughter, if it be ſo, diſſemble not, for you ſhall be a fortunate father. It is a thing holy to preſerue ones Country, and honorable to be the cauſe.

Tyterus In deede Melebeus I haue heard you boaſt that you had a faire daughter, then the which none was more beautiful. I hope you are not ſo careful of a child, that you will be careleſſe of your Countrey, or adde ſo much to nature, that you will detract from wiſedome.

Melle. I muſt confeſſe that I had a daughter, and I knowe you haue, but alas my Childes cradle was her graue, and her ſwath-clowte her winding ſheete. I would ſhe had liued til now, ſhe ſhould willingly haue died now; for what could haue happened to pore Melebeus more comfortable, then to bee the father of a fayre child, and ſweet Countrey.

Tyterus O Mellebeus, diſſemble you may with mē, deceiue the Gods you cannot, dyd not I ſee, (and very lately ſee) your daughter in your armes, when as you gaue her infinite kiſſes, with affection I feare mee more then fatherly. You haue conueyed her away, that you might caſt vs all away, bereauing her the honour of her beauty, and vs the benefite, preferring a common inconuenience,

conuenience, before a priuate miſchiefe.

Melle. It is a bad cloth Tyterus that will take no colour, and a ſimple Father that can vſe no cunning, you make the people beleeue that you wiſh well, when you practiſe nothing but ill, wiſhing to be thought religious towards the Gods, when I knowe you deceitful towards men. You cannot ouer-reach me Tyterus, ouerſhoote your ſelfe you may. It is a wilie Mouſe that will breede in the Cats eare, and hee muſt halt cunninglie, that will deceiue a Cripple. Did you euer ſee me kiſſe my Daughter? you are deceiued, it was my wife. And if you thought ſo young a peece vnfit for ſo old a perſon, and therefore imagined it to be my childe, not my ſpouſe, you muſt knowe that ſiluer haires delight in golden lockes, and the olde fancies craue young Nurſes, and froſtie yeeres muſt bee thawed by youthfull fyers. But this matter ſet aſide, you haue a faire daughter Tyterus, and it is pittie you are ſo fond a Father.

Popu. You are bothe eyther too fonde or too froward: for whilſt you diſpute to ſaue your Daughters, we neglect to preuent our deſtruction.

Alter Come let vs away and ſeeke out a ſacrifice. Wee muſt ſift out their cunning, and let them ſhift for themſelues.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus. Scæna ſecunda.

Cupid. Telusa, Eurota, Lariſsa, enter ſinging.

Telusa Come Cupid to your taske. Firſt you muſt vndoe all theſe Louers knots, becauſe you tyed them.

Cupid If they be true loue knots, tis vnpoſsible to vnknit them, if falſe, I neuer tied them.

Eurota Make no excuſe but to it.

Cupid Loue knots are tyde with eyes, and cannot

be vndoone with hands, made faſt with thoughts, and cannot be vnloſed with fingers, had Diana no taske to ſet Cupid to but things impoſsible, I wil to it.

Ramia Why how now? you tie the knots faſter.

Cupid I cannot chuſe, it goeth againſt my mind to make them looſe.

Eurota Let me ſee, nowe tis vnpoſsible to be vndoone.

Cupid It is the true loue knotte of a womans hart, therefore cannot be vndoone.

Ramia That fals in ſunder of it ſelfe.

Cupid It was made of a mans thought which will neuer hang together.

Lariſsa You haue vndoone that well.

Cupid I, becauſe it was neuer tide well.

Teluſa To the reſt, for ſhee will giue you no reſt. Theſe two knots are finely vntide.

Cupid It was becauſe I neuer tide them, the one was knit by Pluto, not Cupid, by money, not loue, the other by force, not faith, by appointment, not affection.

Ramia Why doe you lay that knot aſide.

Cupid For death.

Teluſa Why?

Cupid Becauſe the knot was knit by faith, and muſt onely be vnknit of death.

Eurota Why laugh you?

Cupid Becauſe it is the faireſt and the falſeſt, doone with greateſt arte and leaſt trueth, with beſt collours, and worſt conceits.

Teluſa VVho tide it?

Cupid A mans tongue.

Lariſsa Why doe you put that in my boſome?

Cupid Becauſe it is onely for a Womans boſome.

Lariſsa Why what is it?

Cupid A womans hart.

Teluſa

Telusa Come let vs goe in, and tell that Cupid hath doone his taske, stay you behind Larissa, and see hee sleepe not, for Loue will be idle, and take heede you surfette not, for loue will be wanton. *Exit Telusa.*

Larisa. Let me alone I wil find him some-what to do.

Cupid Lady, can you for pittie see Cupid thus punished.

Larissa Why did Cupid punish vs without pittie?

Cupid Is loue a punishment?

Larissa It is no pastime.

Cupid O Venus, if thou saweſt Cupid as a captiue, bound to obey that was wont to commaunde, fearing Ladies threates, that once pearced their harts, I cannot tell whether thou wouldeſt reuenge it for despight, or laugh at it for disport. The time may come Diana, and the time shall come, that thou that setteſt Cupid to vndoe knots, shall intreate Cupid to tye knots, and you Ladies that with solace haue behelde my paines, shall with sighes intreate my pittie.

Hee offereth to sleepe.

Larissa How now Cupid begin you to nod?

Ramia Come Cupid, Diana hath deuised newe labours for you that are God of loues, you shall weaue Samplers all night, and lackie after Diana all day. You shall shortlie shoote at beastes for men, becauſe you haue made beastes of men, & waight on Ladies traines, becauſe thou intrappeſt Ladies by traines. All the stories that are in Dianaes Arras, which are of loue, you muſt picke out with your needle, & in that place sowe Vesta with her Nuns, and Diana with her Nimphes. How like you this Cupid.

Cupid I say I will pricke as well with my needle, as euer I did with mine arrowes.

Telusa Diana cannot yeelde, she conquers affection.

Cup. Diana shall yeeld, she cannot conquer desteny.

Lariſſa Come Cupid, you muſt to your buſines.

Cupid You ſhall find me ſo buſie in your heads, that you ſhall wiſh I had beene idle with your harts.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus. Scæna tertia.

Neptune alone.

Neptune Thys day is the ſolemne Sacrifice at thys Tree, wherein the faireſt virgine (were not the inhabitants faithleſſe) ſhould be offered vnto me, but ſo ouer carefull are Fathers to their children, that they forgette the ſafetie of their Countrey, & fearing to become vnnaturall, become vnreaſonable; their ſlights may bleere men, deceiue me they cannot, I wil be here at the houre, and ſhew as great crueltie as they haue doone craft, & well ſhall they know that Neptune ſhould haue beene intreated, not coſened. *Exit.*

Actus quartus Scæna quarta.

Enter Gallathea and Phillida.

Phill. I maruell what virgine the people will prepreſent, it is happy you are none, for thē it would haue falne to your lot becauſe you are ſo faire.

Galla. If you had beene a Maiden too I neede not to haue feared, becauſe you are fairer.

Phill. I pray thee ſweete boy flatter not me, ſpeake trueth of thy ſelfe, for in mine eye of all the world thou art fayreſt.

Galla. Theſe be faire words, but farre from thy true thoughts, I know mine owne face in a true Glaſſe, and deſire not to ſee it in a flattering mouth.

Phill. O would I did flatter thee, and that fortune would not flatter me. I loue thee as a brother, but loue not me ſo.

Galla. Noe I will not, but loue thee better, becauſe I cannot

cannot loue as a brother.

Phill. Seeing we are both boyes, and both louers, that our affection may haue some showe, and seeme as it were loue, let me call thee Mistris.

Galla. I accept that name, for diuers before haue cald me Mistris.

Phill. For what cause?

Galla. Nay there lie the Mistrisse.

Philli. Wyll not you be at the sacrifice?

Galla. Noe.

Philli. Why?

Galla. Becausе I dreamt that if I were there, I shold be turned to a virgine, and then being so faire (as thou saist I am) I shoulde be offered as thou knowest one must. But will not you be there.

Phill. Not vnlesse I were sure that a boy might be sacrificed, and not a mayden.

Galla. Why then you are in danger.

Phill. But I would escape it by deceite, but seeing we are resolued to be both absent, let vs wander into these Groues, till the howre be past.

Galla. I am agreed, for then my feare wil be past.

Phill. Why, what doost thou feare?

Galla. Nothing but that you loue me not. *Exit.*

Philli. I will. Poore Phillida, what shouldest thou thinke of thy selfe, that loueſt one that I feare mee, is as thy selfe is; and may it not be, that her Father practized the same deceite with her, that my Father hath with me, and knowing her to be fayre, feared she shold be vnfortunate, if it be so, Phillida how desperate is thy case? if it be not, howe doubtfull? For if she be a Mayden there is no hope of my loue, if a boy, a hazarde: I will after him or her, and leade a melancholie life, that looke for a miserable death.

Exit.

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Rafe alone.

Rafe. NO more Maiſters now, but a Miſtriſſe if I can light on her. An Aſtronomer? of all occupations thats the worſt, yet well fare the Alcumiſt, for he keepes good fires though he gets no golde, the other ſtandes warming himſelfe by ſtaring on the ſtarres, which I think he can as ſoone number as know their vertues. He told me a long tale of Octogeſimus octauus, and the meeting of the Coniunctions & Planets, and in the meane-time he fell backwarde himſelfe into a ponde. I askt him why he fore-ſawe not that by the ſtarres, he ſaid hee knewe it, but contemnd it. But ſoft, is not this my brother Robin?

Enter Robin.

Robin Yes as ſure as thou art Rafe.

Rafe What Robin? what newes? what fortune?

Robin Faith I haue had but badde fortune, but I prie-thee tell me thine.

Rafe I haue had two Maiſters, not by arte but by nature, one ſayd, that by multiplying he woulde make of a penny tenne pound.

Robin I but coulde he doe it?

Rafe Could he doe it quoth you? why man, I ſawe a prettie wench come to his ſhoppe, where with puffing, blowing, and ſweating, he ſo plyed her, that hee multiplyed her.

Robin Howe?

Rafe Why he made her of one, two.

Robin What by fire?

Rafe No, by the Philoſophers ſtone.

Robin Why, haue Philoſophers ſuch ſtones?

Rafe I, but they lie in a priuie cupboord.

Robin.

Robin Why then thou art rich if thou haue learned this cunning.

Rafe Tuſh this was nothing, hee would of a little faſting ſpittle, make a hoſe & dublet of cloth of ſiluer.

Robin Would I had beene with him, for I haue had almoſt no meate, but ſpittle ſince I came to the woods.

Rafe How then didſt thou liue?

Robin Why man I ſerued a fortune-teller, who ſaide I ſhould liue to ſee my Father hangd, and both my brothers beg. So I conclude the Mill ſhall be mine, and I liue by imagination ſtill.

Rafe Thy Maiſter was an Aſſe, and lookt on the lines of thy hands, but my other Maiſter was an Aſtronomer, which could picke my natiuitie out of the ſtars. I ſhoulde haue halfe a dozen ſtarres in my pocket if I haue not loſt them, but heere they be. Sol, Saturne, Iupiter, Mars, Venus.

Robin Why theſe be but names.

Rafe I, but by theſe he gathereth, that I was a Iualiſt, borne of a Thurſday, & that I ſhould be a braue Venerian, and gette all my good lucke on a Fryday.

Robin Tis ſtrange that a fiſhe day ſhould be a fleſh-day.

Rafe O Robin, *Venus orta mari*, Venus was borne of the Sea, the Sea will haue fiſhe, fiſhe muſt haue wine, wine will haue fleſh, for *Caro carnis genus eſt muliebre:* but ſoft, heere commeth that notable villaine, that once preferd me to the Alcumiſt.

Enter Peter.

Peter So I had a Maiſter, I would not care what became of me.

Rafe Robin thou ſhalt ſee me fitte him. So I had a ſeruaunt, I care neither for his conditions, his qualities, nor his perſon.

Peter What Rafe? well mette. No doubt you had a warme

warme ſeruice of my Maiſter the Alcumiſt?

Raſe Twas warme indeede, for the fire had almoſt burnt out mine eyes, and yet my teeth ſtill watred with hungar: ſo that my ſeruice was both too whote & too cold. I melted all my meate, and made onely my ſlumber thoughts, and ſo had a full head and an empty bellie. But where haſt thou beene ſince?

Peter With a brother of thine I thinke, for hee hath ſuch a coate, and two brothers (as hee ſaith) ſeeking of fortunes.

Robin Tys my brother Dicke, I prie-thee lets goe to him.

Raſe Syrra, what was he dooing that hee came not with thee?

Peter Hee hath gotten a Maiſter nowe, that will teach him to make you both his younger brothers.

Raſe I, thou paſſeſt for deuiſing impoſsibilities, thats as true as thy Maiſter could make ſiluer pottes of tagges of poynts.

Peter Nay he will teach him to cozen you both, & ſo gette the Mill to himſelfe.

Raſe Nay if he be both our cozens, I will bee hys great Grand-father, and Robin ſhall be his Vncle, but I pray thee bring vs to him quickly, for I am great bellied with conceite till I ſee him.

Peter Come then and goe with me, and I will bring ye to him ſtraight.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna ſecunda.

Augur. Erictbinis.

Augur Bring forth the virgine, the fatall virgin, the faireſt virgine, if you meane to appeaſe Neptune, and preſerue your Countrey.

Erict.

Erict. Heere ſhee commeth, accompanied onelie with men, becauſe it is a ſight vnſeemely (as all virgins ſay) to ſee the miſ-fortune of a mayden, and terrible to behold the fiercenes of Agar that Monſter.

Enter Hæbe, with other to the ſacrifice.

Hæbe Myſerable and accurſed Hæbe, that beeing neither faire nor fortunate, thou ſhouldeſt be thought moſt happy and beautifull. Curſe thy birth, thy lyfe, thy death, beeing borne to liue in danger, and hauing liude, to die by deceit. Art thou the ſacrifice to appeaſe Neptune, and ſatiſ-fie the cuſtome, the bloodie cuſtom, ordained for the ſafetie of thy Country. I Hæbe, poore Hæbe, men will haue it ſo, whoſe forces commaund our weake natures, nay the Gods wil haue it ſo, whoſe powers dally with our purpoſes. The Egiptians neuer cut their Dates from the tree, becauſe they are ſo fresh and greene. It is thought wickednes to pul Roſes from the ſtalkes in the Garden of Paleſtine, for that they haue ſo liuelie a ædde: and who ſo cutteth the incenſe Tree in Arabia before it fal, committeth ſacriledge.

Shall it onely be lawfull amongſt vs in the prime of youth, and pride of beautie, to deſtroy both youth and beautie: and what was honoured in fruites and flowres as a vertue, to violate in a virgine as a vice? But alas deſtenie alloweth no diſpute, die Hæbe, Hæbe die, wofull Hæbe, and onely accurſed Hæbe. Farewell the ſweete delights of life, and welcome nowe the bitter pangs of death. Fare-well you chaſt virgins, whoſe thoughts are diuine, whoſe faces faire, whoſe fortunes are agreeable to your affections, enioy and long enioy the pleaſure of your curled locks, the amiableneſſe of

your wiſhed lookes, the ſweetnes of your tuned voices, the content of your inwarde thoughts, the pompe of your outward ſhowes, onely Hæbe biddeth farewell to all the ioyes that ſhe conceiued, and you hope for, that ſhee poſſeſſed, and you ſhall; fare-well the pompe of Princes Courts, whoſe roofes are imboſſt with golde, and whoſe pauements are decked with faire Ladies, where the daies are ſpent in ſweet delights, the nights in pleaſant dreames, where chaſtitie honoreth affections, and commaundeth, yeeldeth to deſire and conquereth.

Fare-well the Soueraigne of all vertue, and Goddeſſe of all virgins, Diana, whoſe perfections are impoſſible to be numbred, and therefore infinite, neuer to be matched, and therefore immortall. Fare-well ſweet Parents, yet to be mine, vnfortunate Parents. Howe bleſſed had you beene in barrennes? how happy had I been if I had not beene. Fare-well life, vaine life, wretched life, whoſe ſorrowes are long, whoſe ende doubtfull, whoſe miſeries certaine, whoſe hopes innumerable, whoſe feares intollerable. Come death, and welcome death whom nature cannot reſiſt, becauſe neceſsity ruleth, nor deferre becauſe deſtenie haſteth. Come Agar thou vnſatiable Monſter of Maidens blood, & douourer of beauties bowels, glut thy ſelfe till thou ſurfet, & let my life end thine. Teare theſe tender ioynts wyth thy greedie iawes, theſe yellow lockes with thy black feete, this faire face with thy foule teeth. Why abateſt thou thy wonted ſwiftneſſe? I am faire, I am a virgine, I am readie. Come Agar thou horrible monſter, & farewell world thou viler Monſter.

Augur The Monſter is not come, and therefore I ſee Neptune is abuſed, whoſe rage will I feare mee, be both infinite and intollerable: take in this Virgine,

whoſe

whose want of beauty hath saued her owne life, and all yours.

Erict. We could not finde any fairer.

Augur Neptune will. Goe deliuer her to her father.

Habe Fortunate Hæbe, howe shalt thou expresse thy ioyes? Nay vnhappy girle that art not the faireſt. Had it not been better for thee to haue died with fame, then to liue with dishonour, to haue preferred the safetie of thy Countrey and rareneſſe of thy beautie, before sweetnes of life, & vanity of the world? But alas, desteny would not haue it so, desteny coulde not, for it asketh the beautifulleſt, I would Hæbe thou hadſt been beautifulleſt.

Erict. Come Hæbe, heere is no time for vs to reason, it had beene beſt for vs thou hadſt beene moſt beautifull.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna tertia.
Phillida. *Gallathea.*

Phillida We mette the virgine that shoulde haue beene offered to Neptune, belike eyther the custome is pardoned, or she not thought faireſt.

Galla. I cannot coniecture the cause, but I feare the euent.

Phil. Why should you feare, the God requireth no boy.

Galla. I would he did, then should I haue no feare.

Phil. I am glad he doth not tho, becauſe if he did, I should haue also cause to feare. But soft, what man or God is this? Let vs closely withdrawe our selues into the Thickets,

Exeunt ambo.

Enter Neptune alone.

Neptune And doe men beginne to bee equall with Gods, seeking by craft to ouer-reach thē that by power ouer-see them? Doe they dote so much on their daughters, that they stick not to dallie with our deities, well shall the inhabitants see, that destinie cannot be preuented by craft, nor my anger be appeased by submission. I will make hauocke of Dianaes Nimphes, my Temple shall bee died with Maydens blood, and there shal be nothing more vile then to be a Virgine. To be young and fayre, shall be accounted shame & punishment, in so much as it shall be thought as dishonorable to be honest, as fortunate to be deformed.

Enter Diana with her Nimphes.

Diana O Neptune, hast thou forgotten thy selfe, or wilt thou cleane for-sake mee? Hath Diana therfore brought danger to her Nimphes, becausе they be chast? shal vertue suffer both paine and shame which alwaies deserueth praise and honor?

Enter Venus.

Venus Prayse and honour (Neptune) nothing lesse, except it be commendable to be coy, and honorable to be peeuish. Sweet Neptune, if Venus can do any thing, let her try it in this one thing, that Diana may finde as small comfort at thy hands, as Loue hath found curtesie at hers.

This is shee that hateth sweete delights, enuieth louing desires, masketh wanton eyes, stoppeth amorous eares, bridleth youthfull mouthes, and vnder a name, or a worde constancie, entertaineth all kinde of crueltie: shee hath taken my sonne Cupid, Cupid my louely

louely ſonne, vſing him like a prentiſe, whypping him like a ſlaue, ſcorning him like a beaſt, therefore Neptune I intreate thee by no other God, then the God of loue, that thou euill intreate this Goddeſſe of hate.

Neptune I muſe not a little to ſee you two in this place, at this time, and about this matter, but what ſay you Diana, haue you Cupid captiue?

Diana I ſay there is nothing more vaine, then to diſpute with Venus, whoſe vnramed affections haue bred more brawles in heauen, then is fitte to repeate in earth, or poſsible to recount in number, I haue Cupid, and will keepe him, not to dandle in my lappe, whom I abhor in my hart, but to laugh him to ſcorne, that hath made in my virgins harts ſuch deepe ſcarres.

Venus Scarres Diana call you them that I know to be bleeding woundes? alas weake deitie, it ſtretcheth not ſo farre, both to abate the ſharpneſſe of his Arrowes, and to heale the hurts. No, Loues woundes when they ſeeme greene, rankle, and hauing a ſmooth skinne without, feſter to the death within. Therefore Neptune, if euer Venus ſtoode thee in ſteed, furthered thy fancies, or ſhall at all times be at thy cõmaund, let eyther Diana bring her Virgins to a continuall maſſacre, or releaſe Cupid of his martyrdome.

Diana It is knowne Venus, that your tongue is as vnrulie as your thoughts, and your thoughts as vnſtaied as your eyes, Diana cannot chatter, Venus cannot chuſe.

Venus It is an honour for Diana to haue Venus meane ill, when ſhe ſo ſpeaketh well, but you ſhal ſee I come not to trifle, therefore once againe Neptune, if that be not buried, which can neuer die, fancie, or that quenched which muſt euer burne, affection, ſhew thy ſelfe the ſame Neptune that I knew thee to bee when

thou waſt a Sheepe-hearde, and let not Venus wordes be vaine in thyne eares, ſince thyne were imprinted in my hart.

Neptune It were vnfitte that Goddeſſes ſhoulde ſtriue, and it were vnreaſonable that I ſhold not yeeld, and therefore to pleaſe both, both attend; Diana I muſt honor, her vertue deſerueth no leſſe, but Venus I muſt loue, I muſt confeſſe ſo much.

Diana, reſtore Cupid to Venus, and I will for euer releaſe the ſacrifice of Virgins, if therefore you loue your Nimphes as ſhee doth her Sonne, or preferre not a priuate grudge before a common griefe, aunſwere what you will doe.

Diana I account not the choyſe harde, for had I twentie Cupids, I woulde deliuer them all to ſaue one Virgine, knowing loue to be a thing of all the vaineſt, virginitie to be a vertue of all the nobleſt. I yeeld, Lariſſa, bring out Cupid: and now ſhall it be ſaide, that Cupid ſaued thoſe he thought to ſpoyle.

Venus I agree to this willinglie: for I will be warie howe my Sonne wander againe. But Diana cannot forbid him to wounde.

Diana Yes, chaſtitie is not within the leuell of his bowe.

Venus But beautie is a fayre marke to hit.

Neptune Well I am gladde you are agreed: and ſaie that Neptune hath delt well wyth Beautie and Chaſtitie.

Enter Cupid.

Diana Heere take your ſonne.

Venus Syr boy where haue you beene? alwaies taken, firſt by Sapho, nowe by Diana, howe hapneth it

you

you vnhappie Elphe?

Cupid Comming through Dianaes woodes, and seeing so manie fayre faces with fonde hearts, I thought for my sport to make them smart, and so was taken by Diana.

Venus I am glad I haue you.

Diana And I am gladde I am ridde of him.

Venus Alas poore boy, thy VVinges clypt? thy brandes quencht? thy Bowe burnt? and thy Arrowes broke?

Cupid I but it skilleth not, I beare nowe myne Arrowes in mine eyes, my Winges on my thoughts, my brandes in myne eares, my bowe in my mouth, so as I can wounde with looking, flye with thinking, burne with hearing, shoote with speaking.

Venus VVell you shall vp to heauen with mee, for on earth thou wilt lose me.

Enter Tyterus, Melebeus, Gallathea and Phyllida.

Neptune But soft, what be these?

Tyterus Those that haue offended thee to saue their daughters.

Neptune VVhy, had you a faire daughter?

Tyterus I, and Melebeus a faire daughter.

Neptune Where be they?

Meleb. In yonder Woods, and mee thinkes I see them comming.

Neptune Well, your deserts haue not gotten pardon, but these Goddesses iarres.

Meleb. Thys is my Daughter, my sweete Phillida.

Tyterus And this is my faire Gallathea.

Galla. Vnfortunate Gallathea if this be Phillida.

Phill. Accurſed Phillida if that be Gallathea.

Galla. And waſt thou all thys while enamoured of Phillida, that ſweete Phillida?

Phill. And couldeſt thou doate vpon the face of a Maiden, thy ſelfe beeing one, on the face of fayre Gallathea?

Neptune Doe you both beeing Maidens loue one another?

Galla. I had thought the habite agreeable with the Sexe, and ſo burned in the fire of mine owne fancies.

Phillida I had thought that in the attyre of a boy, there could not haue lodged the body of a Virgine, & ſo was inflamed with a ſweete deſire, which now I find a ſower deceit.

Diana Nowe things falling out as they doe, you muſt leaue theſe fond fond affections, nature will haue it ſo, neceſsitie muſt.

Gallathea I will neuer loue any but Phillida, her loue is engrauen in my hart, with her eyes.

Phillida Nor I any but Gallathea, whoſe faith is imprinted in my thoughts by her words.

Neptune An idle choyce, ſtrange, and fooliſh, for one Virgine to doate on another, and to imagine a conſtant faith, where there can be no cauſe of affection. Howe like you this Venus?

Venus I like well and allowe it, they ſhall both be poſſeſſed of their wiſhes, for neuer ſhall it be ſaid that Nature or Fortune ſhall ouer-throwe Loue, and Fayth. Is your loues vnſpotted, begunne with trueth, continued wyth conſtancie, and not to bee altered tyll death?

Gallathea Die Gallathea if thy loue be not ſo.

Phillida Accurſed bee thou Phillida if thy loue be

not

not ſo.

Diana Suppoſe all this Venus, what then?

Venus Then ſhall it be ſeene, that I can turne one of them to be a man, and that I will.

Diana Is it poſsible?

Venus What is to Loue or the Miſtriſſe of loue vnpoſsible? Was it not Venus that did the like to Iphis and Iauthes; howe ſay yee are ye agreed, one to bee a boy preſently?

Phillida I am content, ſo I may imbrace Gallathea.

Gallathea I wiſh it, ſo I may enioy Phillida.

Melleb. Soft Danghter, you muſt know whether I will haue you a Sonne.

Tyterus Take mee with you Gallathea, I will keepe you as I begatte you, a Daughter.

Melleb. Tyterus, let yours be a boy and if you will, mine ſhall not.

Tyterus Nay mine ſhall not, for by that meanes my young ſonne ſhall loſe his inheritance.

Melleb. Why then gette him to be made a Maiden and then there is nothing loſt.

Tyte. If there bee ſuch changing, I woulde Venus could make my wife a Man.

Melleb. Why?

Tyterus Becauſe ſhee loues alwaies to play with men.

Venus Well you are both fonde, therefore agree to thys changing, or ſuffer your Daughters to endure harde chaunce.

Melleb. Howe ſay you Tyterus, ſhall wee referre it to Venus.

Tyte. I am content, becauſe ſhe is a Goddeſſe.

Venus Neptune you will not diſlike it.

Neptune Not I.

Venus Nor you Diana.

Diana Not I.

Venus Cupid ſhall not.

Cupid I will not.

Venus Then let vs depart; neither of them ſhall know whoſe lot it ſhal be til they come to the Church-dore. One ſhall be, doth it ſuffiſe?

Phillida And ſatiſ-fie vs both, dooth it not Gallathea?

Galla. Yes Phillida.

Enter Rafe, Robin, and Dicke.

Rafe Come Robin, I am gladde I haue mette with thee, for nowe wee will make our Father laugh at theſe tales.

Diana What are theſe that ſo malepartlie thruſt themſelues into our companies?

Robin Forſooth Madame we are fortune tellers.

Venus Fortune tellers; tell me my fortune.

Rafe We doe not meane fortune tellers, we meane fortune tellers: we can tell what fortune wee haue had theſe twelue monthes in the Woods.

Diana Let them alone, they be but peeuiſh.

Venus Yet they will be as good as Minſtrils at the marriage, to make vs all merrie.

Dicke I Ladies we beare a very good Conſort,

Venus Can you ſing?

Rafe Baſelie.

Venus And you?

Dicke Meanely.

Venus And what can you doe?

Robin If they duble it, I will treble it.

Venus Then ſhall yee goe with vs, and ſing Hymen before the marriage. Are you content?

Rafe

Rafe Content? neuer better content, for there we ſhall be ſure to fill our bellies with Capons rumpes, or ſome ſuch daintie diſhes.

Venus Then follow vs.

Exeunt.

The Epilogue.

Galla. GOE all, tis I onely that conclude al. You Ladies may ſee, that Venus can make conſtancie ficklenes, courage cowardice, modeſtie lightneſſe, working things impoſsible in your Sexe, and tempering hardeſt harts like ſofteſt wooll. Yeelde Ladies, yeeld to loue Ladies, which lurketh vnder your eye-lids whilſt you ſleepe, and plaieth with your hart ſtrings whilſt you wake: whoſe ſweetnes neuer breedeth ſatietie, labour wearineſſe, nor greefe bitterneſſe. Cupid was begotten in a miſte, nurſed in Clowdes, and ſucking onelie vpon conceits. Confeſſe him a Conquerer, whom yee ought to regarde, ſith it is vnpoſsible to reſiſt, for this is infallible, that Loue conquereth all things but it ſelfe, and Ladies all harts but their owne.

FINIS.